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HISTORY HISTORY

T I T L E P A G E

DUP PREVIEW PAGE

PIONEER NAME John Albert Strong

BIRTH DATE AND PLACE March 8, 1857 at Springville, Utah

DEATH DATE AND PLACE January 19, 1937

FATHER William Strong

MOTHER Sarah Garlic Richmond

WHO MARRIED AND DATE Sarah Jane Hutchings March 8, 1857

YEAR ARRIVED IN UTAH Native

NAME OF COMPANY _____

WHO WROTE HISTORY AND DATE Pearle Luella Strong, February 1933

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SOURCE OF INFORMATION AND PAGE NUMBERS:
History written by Pearl Luella Strong

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Hazel S. Gates
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Native

AUG 23 1984

T I T L E P A G E

PIONEER NAME Felice Albert Strong

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DEATH DATE AND PLACE Springville Utah Co Utah 27 February 1937

FATHER William Strong

MOTHER Sarah Cecelia Richmond

WHO MARRIED AND DATE Sarah Jane Hutzler 8 March 1875

YEAR ARRIVED IN UTAH Born there 1857

NAME OF COMPANY _____

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SOURCE OF INFORMATION AND PAGE NUMBERS:

John Albert Strong

THE HISTORY OF
JOHN ALBERT STRONG
dictated to his granddaughter
Pearl Luella Strong Stevens
during the summer of 1934.

JOHN ALBERT STRONG

I am the son of William and Sarah Garlic Richmond Strong. I was born at Springville, Utah the 8th of March, 1857.

My father, William Strong was endowed in the Nauvoo Temple before he joined the Mormon Battalion to go to Mexico. He married Sarah Garlic Richmond who had formerly been married to Richmond. She had a son, Alonzo, nine months old when she married William Strong.

She had two sons: John Albert and James Jacob Strong. Then a man by the name of Kerswell came in and took her away from my father. She was willing to divorce my father to marry Kerswell. His Kerswell and his wife and family lived in Australia. They were planning on coming to America and so they moved down to sea shore and were expecting to sail on the next ship. The ship came before they expected it and Kerswell happen to be at the dock at the time. He took the money they had saved to come to America and Utah. Here he married my mother who knew nothing of the other wife.

At the age of nine, I first started to think about religion and got my first testimony.

It was my chore to turn the cows out in the fields in the morning and go and get them in the evening. One night it was snowing a regular blizzard. I went after the cows then stated in the direction I thought was home, I heard my mother call me from the opposited direction. She called me twice just as plain as any time I ever heard her speak. The storm broke and I found myself at the mouth of Hobbble Creek Canyon about four miles away.

All I ever knew was work, work, work. In the summer I heard cows on the Union Bank. Many times I had my dinner taken away from me by the Indians. One day I made up my mind I wouldn't give them my dinner. They tried to scare me by one of them pulling an arrow right at my face. I looked at him and he dropped the arrow. The rest made fun of him. The all four of them jumped on me and took what was left of my dinner which was pretty crumy.

I had a half brother Alonzo Richmond who was three years older than myself. This man William Kerswell (my step-father) was a well digger. We two boys had to wind up the dirt and let the rock down to him to make the wells. I was nine and Alonzo was twelve.

While working at a well one day a man came along who we had known from boyhood and he knew how we were treated. Seeing what we were doing he whispered in my ear and told me to let go of the rope when the bucket was full of rock and let it fall and kill the man and call it an accident. I wouldn't do it. This was the beginning of the ruination of my life.

He kept us out of school. I got no education. My half brother and I during the fall did all the hauling of wood out of the canyon. People wondered how we, being boys, could do it.

At one time we were after wood when the Indians were bad we went to the canyon. While there two Indians came shooting at a mark on the other side of the canyon. We supposed they were shooting at a mark. They crossed over the creek and came down on the same side that we were on. We were in the thick brush getting wood so they passed us by without seeing us and seeing a man who had just passed us they chased him down to town and shot at him a few times but didn't hurt him. This man knowing that we were up there came to town and reported we had been killed at the mouth of the canyon, because he had heard the shots. This was in the spring.

About this time I had quit herding cows on the account of the danger from Indians. Quite a number of times a cow would get lost. The herders didn't bring them all in. My step father would send us beack to the foot of the mountains four miles away to hunt those cows.

On one occasion hunting cows we saw some Indians lassowing some horses and stealing them. We got scared and crawled on our hands and knees for half a mile to keep out of sight. Then we got up and ran for home.

About this time they had Kerswell's Teachers' Trial (by the Church). The person that complained was Sarah Stewart the grandmother of Sherdan Stewart. She lived just across the street and seeing everything she couldn't stand seeing us abused the way we were. When he was called up to give his exidence, he said he had never whipped us to ecess which was untrue.

The morning of the trial he told us we could have a vacation which was very unusual, so we took our lunch and went to the foothills. He did this so the court would not have our evidence in court against him.

When my mother was called up she sided in with Kerswell which was wrong. The lady that complained was asked for her evidence and she said it was not true because she lived across the street and saw it and knew it. She said if it were possible he had whipped us until the dishes in her cupboard rattled. So ended the trial without any settlement because they couldn't find us boys. This was told to me by someone who hunted for me all day! I was eleven years at the time.

We did all the building of fences in our locality. People said you could tell it was just boys who cut the timber because we couldn't chop it. We just hacked it. Step-father never did any canyon work in his life, he was too lazy. He just dug wells in the winter that kept us boys out of school. Jacob had a white swelling on his leg where Kerswell had hit him. At the time he was eight years old Kerswell made him glean wheat in the fields and tie it in bundles and strap it on his back and carry it home on crutches.

In the fall of the year Kerswell mowed grass in the fields with a scythe. He did teach me to mow hay with a scythe. When I was a small boy about eight years old; he took me down to the field to rake hay with a hand rake while he mowed it. Not knowing how to do it as I had never done anything of that kind, my raking never suited him. He jerked the rake out of my hands and hit me over the head with it and broke it into three pieces. That was how I lived until I was fifteen. Then I made a break to go off and work. I gave Kerswell to know that I was just as good a man as he was. He never hit me after that. That is when I became myself. I worked for myself at many a job and was never fired or dismissed.

In the fall of 1872 I went to work on the railroad up American Fork Canyon. There were mines up there at that time. I worked until the ground was froze so hard we had to quit. I drew the same wages as the men and I was a boy of fifteen. In 1874 I worked all summer at a saw mill up in Hobbles Creek Canyon in the United Order. I was one of the loggers at the mill. I got a bill of lumber for a log house but the lumber burned up. This was the summer before I was married. This bill of lumber I had selected to build a house. That was the biggest part of that summer's work. The United Order didn't work in Springville so they gave us shares of the lumber.

After that I did considerable canyon work building roads and getting lumber and timber for the different people and at saw mills. I hauled wood to the Provo Woolen Mills and that's how I got myself a flannel shirt. At the Saw Mill I worked for bishop William Bringham and Packard Mill it was called.

The following spring I was married to Sarah Jane Hutchings on the 8th of March, 1875 in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City by Daniel H. Wells. I bought a yoke of young oxen and that spring I went to the canyon and had a contract for getting out of Whim and sold the lumber and got my wedding stake the spring I was married. In 1875, after I was married we went to Lake Shore on what was known as the Indian Reservation at that time. We took up the land being anxious to make a house I hired a man to work on a canal to bring the water out on the land, and I went to work ploughing up the land and mowing grain. The engineer, John Morrison, who surveyed the ditch made a grand mistake. He got on the wrong end of the ditch to the river. The outlet was higher than the inlet about four feet. That was discounting to all of us. We quit and moved away from the land at that time. Later on the land came into market and the people went back and made a new canal. Today, there are towns and farms all over that country. I didn't go back.

I located between Springville and Spanish Fork known as Strait-Line. The land was covered with sage brush. I ploughed it up with an ox team. After doing a days work my wife and myself would go out and work until after dark. I would grub up the sage brush and my wife would make a fire and burn it.

In September, 1875, I took a load of freight over th the Unita Agency at Duschene for the Government for the Indians. On our way home we were caught in a snow storm in Strawberry calley. We moved into the South end of the valley and pitched camp. The next morning when we awoke there was two feet of snow on the ground. We traveled about two miles that day and came to an old mill house where a man by the name of Obber Dew had been sawing lumber at a saw mill. We turned out our animals to browse the willows and get what green they could pick. The next morning when we got up it was quite some time before we could get the door open because it was almost covered with snow. The snow was up to the top of the top bed of the wagon box. In the company there were three teams of oxen, and one team of horses. We started early that morning and got to the head of Daniel's canyon at dark, making two miles that day, We had to travel on foot a head of the hoses to break the trail in order to get them to go. So that we could find the road we had to follow along where a tree had been cut down occasionally along the way.

The next morning when we got up we found all the oxen but the horses were gone. They had taken the trail and gone back four miles to the first camp. Myself and William Stewart went back after the horses. We got tired. and couldn't go any farther. Finally I went on about two miles and found the horses where we had camped two nights before. After coming back a short distance the horses became weak and I couldn't ride them; I had to lead them and the trail being blown full of snow. I could hardly find my way along. I traveled the bigger part of the night and the last half mile I had to crawl on my hands and knees. It rained all the way down Provo canyon and it was mud, all the way. This was indeed a heavy, cold winter.

After getting land we had begun to wonder where we would get water to irrigate it. Spanish Fork at this time was enlarging their town and had got water from the river to water their lots, so we decided to build a canal and Spanish Fork did a little irrigating. I had located our place to live on the foot of the hill next to the county road between Springville and Spanish Fork. We worked on this canal almost day and night. After getting water I watered the first farm land that was irrigated from the canal out side of the city lots. My wife and I had planted a small patch of dry beans and we sat up nearly all night to see the water run down through the rows in the bean patch. At this time we felt as though we were rich, having some land and a little water to irrigate with.

We had a little one room log house that I had built and we felt ricch as most any one who had plenty of money. We struggled along for a good many years. It proved to be that this water right we had was just a secondary water right. For many years we didn't get water enough to any more than just water a few fruit trees. By this time we had a family coming along and I had to resort to something besides the farm on account of no water, so I went into the mines. I went to Tinic as Tinic District had just started mining. I spent about fifteen years in the mines. Then after that there was considerable rail road work going on, so I left the mines and went into the timber and chopped many hundreds of trees. I also went into the saw mill into the timberland. I run a saw mill for a number of years. Between jobs in the saw mills, timber, and railroads, I did the farm work.

While we were running a saw mill we were getting ready to have dinner one day and there came up a heavy storm. We had decided to eat our dinner

under a large tree some five feet in diameter. (When I was a small boy I was stunned by lightning and after that I was always afraid of the lightning.) So after deciding to eat our dinner under this large tree by this time the storm was getting close and seemingly I had a warning that there was danger. I said to the boys, "Let's go down under those small trees. The boughs seem to be thicker and maybe we could get better protection."

So we gathered up our dinner and with out hesitation went down under the smaller trees. By this time the lightning was flashing all around us and we heard a great crash! When we looked up we discovered it was the large tree we were going to eat our dinner under, in the beginning, This tree had been struck by the lightning and it was completely destroyed and broken in hundreds of pieces and scattered all over the hill.

At another time in 1879 I was working in the timber, cutting ties with Don C. Fullmer when he took suddenly sick. We had sent out teams home because we were cutting ties and wouldn't need them. He got so bad that he couldn't walk and it was about six miles from any people, and I was there alone and all I could do was pray to the Lord that Don might live till I could get him home some way. I wondered where I could find a horse to ride down to a ranch to get help. I was impressed to take a rope and go out on the hill where I had noticed a band of wild horses. When I came near the horses they were apparently wild and ran in circles around me like I was something strange. I kept on going toward the horses and all of a sudden one of them singled himself out and came straight towards me. I put the rope around his neck netknowing whether he would ride or not. So I hurried to the ranch of John Lewis and he had a team and buggy and hurried as fast as he could to the man that was sick. I rode on ahead to get everything ready. When starting off Mr. Lewis said to me, "Where did you get that horse?"

"I just picked him up on the range," I answered.

"How did you know he would ride?" He asked.

"I came out to get a horse and I got one," I said.

"You surely picked on the right one. That is Schyler Brown's riding horse in Spanish Fork.

We took the man to the rail road where we could put him on the train. After getting him home the doctor called and discovered that Don had appendicitis. The doctor stated that it was too late to do anything and we discovered that there was a dark spot as large as the palm of my hand on his right side where the appendics lay. But people, some people, have lots of faith and the Lord seemed to spare his life. Don C. Fullmer lived a great number of years after that.

Don was a good worker but rather awkward. He nearly worked himself to death to keep up with me. One night I had to go out and get him for supper. He said, "Well I beat you today!"

I said, "You could have stayed out there all night and I still would have beat you. You want to watch that your tree falls on the level."

One summer I made \$600 with my ax chopping ties. I average from start to finish fifty ties a day. Don and I chopped the ties and his boy snaked them. Then we loaded them on the wagon and always put the small long ones on the bottom. Then the top ones we cut in two. My oldest boy, John, who was then about twelve years old, hauled them down to the railroad. He threw the single ones on top then chopped the bottom ones in two and they fell off. He hauled one hundred ties a day to the railroad, seven miles away and made two trips a day. We were young and we all had to work for what we got. We had no coal, we burned wood. We had to make roads into the canyons to haul it out.

About this time we started to locate out on the county road. I built the second house south of the Utah Poultry Plant between Springville and Spanish Fork. We lived there for fifty seven years. There were fifteen children born to us. Thirteen out of the fifteen lived to be married. All thirteen have been married in the temple and had their own endowment work done. At the present time I have ten of our own children living, seventy-eight grand children and twenty-nine great grand children.

To show how rich we were in those days the house that I "sparked" my wife in was stakes drove into the ground. It was one room about sixteen feet square. Brush was woven into the stakes and then plastered with some dirt mud. We sat on raw hide bottom chairs made by my father-in-law, Sheperd Pierce Hutchings.

One time in my life I was working in the canyon, while there came a presentment to me that made me feel as though there was sickness at home. It worked so strong on me that I told my partner that before the sun set that night one of my boys would be after me on a horse. The boy came as I had predicted. After getting home I found that during the child's illness they had asked the lord to make it known to me in the canyon. I have been very fortunate in my life. It seems as though the Lord has been mindful of me so much that I have avoided accidents that have been made known to me. There are many circumstances that might be interesting that I could relate. This one comes to my mind:

I was working in a mine in Marysvail called the Ammie Lauri Mine. My son, Elias, and I were selected to clean out and repair the chut. The works were all suppose to be closed down at this time so nothing would be emptied into the chute while we were working. After we had worked a half shift and had gone back after we had had our lunch, Elias was in the chute and some one emptied a load of quartz into the chute. The chute was so small that we had to crawl on our hands and knees to work there. This quartz passed by him without him being scratched. He yelled like he was yelling to someone outside. The sound of his call was different from any thing I had ever heard. I called Elias out of the chute and I asked, "Elias, how is it you didn't get hurt?"

He replied, "It seemed as though something plastered him up to the top of the chute as it were while the quartz passed by. This being one and two o'clock his mother and his brother Lute, both heard him call and

they both jumped out of bed at the same time. They were in Springville over a hundred miles away. So I am satisfied these warnings do not come by chance.

In 1915, my wife became ill and she was sick for five years. For two years I had to lift her out of bed when ever she got out of bed. She died on the 9th of April, 1921.

In May, 1922, I married Elizabeth C. Wright who had been a widow for nine years. She was from Spring City, Sanpete County, and had two living children.

My grandfather David Garlic. was a hunter. He went into Penn. with as high as 20 bear skins at one time. He was a real hunter. I felt like I would like to be a hunter. I have killed many a wagon load of deer in my day.

Note: This was dictated to Pearl Luella Strong, the fourth child of his son, Elias Strong, on February 15th, 1933. John Albert Strong related to her the information and experiences that happened in his life.

He passed away January 19th, 1937, after a two month illness at the home of his son Elias Strong. He was buried January 21st, 1937 in the Evergreen Cemetary at Springville beside his first wife who had preceded him 16 years. His second wife had been dead for a year and a half.